



# The Faun Princesses



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## Chapter 1 by sarahmccall

The Human Realm was caught in a beautiful summer afternoon, such that there was almost no noticeable difference as one entered it from the Fae, save that the sunlight was just a little less sweet and a few less flowers grew in the dappled forest shade. The princesses giggled as they ran along beside each other, pointing out this animal and that flower to each other. The animals were fearless of them, even in the human world the birds flew beside them, trying to pluck the flowers from their hair, and the rabbits hopped and wove beside their delicate cloven hooves. The trail was grassy in some places, and soft dust in others, so they made no sound as they cantered along, only their soft, dreamlike laughter and the songs of the birds carried back over the path to the rest of the party.

“We’d best not let them go too far ahead, your highness” the chief of guard said, guiding his horse beside the prince. “Never know what lurks in these woods”

The prince laughed, pausing in braiding his mare’s mane to gesture to the sunlit forest around them

“THESE woods? Thebis you’re growing coward as well as old. What could they possibly find in a little glen like this, beyond thistle and sparrows?”

Just then the laughter ahead of them silenced, followed by a startled shriek. Before the men could set their horses running however, the princesses returned, hurried and pale faced but seemingly unharmed. Back with the party, their fear quickly transformed to excitement and they grinned, waving off their own horses in favor of urging their brother down from his.

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subject. The fauns trotted for several minutes through the woods, without speaking save for poorly repressed giggles and responding shooshing. Until they reached a bend in the path, where the trail shifted into a clearing, carpeted by soft grasses and moss.

“Look.” the girls whispered together, pulling back. He did, though at first he didn’t notice anything, until what he had assumed to be a grassy knoll shifted and mutter sleepily, and he saw it was instead a figure wearing a cloak. Damon froze, putting a hand back to stop the girls from coming and closer. Even asleep, humans always mean trouble.

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